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Political shenanigans have changes the city folks' minds from meat boycotting to verbal tar and feathering. It's been a big relief to herders for them to have a new set of villains. Anything we can do to prolong the Watergate scandals will mean that many more day they aren't after us.

The threat of a nationwide meat boycott hasn't bothered my neighbor Goat Whiskers the Younger. Whiskers was foresight enough to artificially inseminate a few of his cows to some sort of Mediterranean ox that can be used for dairy or broke to pull a wagon.

Whiskers is so smart that he can't be hurt by either the energy crisis or the consumers' revolution. All he's going to need to retool his operation is a churn and yoke. He's going to be so far ahead of the rest of us that the county agents won't even be able to stay up with his progress on paper.

Some means is going to have to be found to haul the cowboys and the horse to the pastures if we run out of gasoline. Mules are in short supply, so work oxen are certain to be in demand.

Ration stamps couldn't be issued in large enough denominations to keep the present day pickups running. Modern rolling stock burns more fuel than the Queen Mary used, pulling against a strong head wind. Am oxcart, I'll bet, wouldn't take much grease to keep going, and I know for certain, you don't have to oil the harness very often.

No doubt about it, Whiskers is in position to control the freighting business in the Shortgrass Country.

He's not even going to have to worry about hands. Most of the unpapered aliens passing through the country are better prospects for milk maids or oxen drivers than for anything else. The sandal walkers might not be so interested in pushing on northward if they could find a local position chauffeuring a span of steers instead of a job riding a highheaded, toad-skulled horse that isn't worth the salt he eats.

The catalog that Whiskers orders semen from says these cattle were used for draft purposes way back in the days of the Roman Empire. It also says these handsome beasts were used for parades and ceremonial purposes. So I suppose Whiskers will also be knocking down big chunks of money from the show business.

What could be better than to use "old Bully" all week to put out salt, then on Saturday, charge the Elks Club \$50 to drive him in a parade? Government agents have been claiming for a long time that they have the answer for diversified farming. I'd like to see one of those boys beat that sort of a deal.

Furthermore, Whiskers' bulls can weigh close to 4000 pounds. They ought to be able to walk off with a gooseneck trailer. I don't know how you'd rig the hitch, but Miss Mae

West didn't know anything about feathers until the threat of the depression forced her into fan dancing. I don't think she was raised on a chicken farm.

Whiskers has a puncture proof proposition. The oxen are going to be slower, but judging by the way our business is going, speed is about as important to us as a banjo player would be to the Philharmonic Orchestra.

How many market breaks have you ever outrun in a pickup? Put a stop watch on a decline one of these days and just see what size jet it'd take to match it.

When a rancher gets in a hurry, he generally ends up hanging his chin on a clothesline or running some damn fool of an old horse under a limb that's about right to hit him in the chest. Speed isn't what we need. What we need are rainmakers and money lenders. I wouldn't trade a good rain or a kindhearted banker for a chance to ride a Saberjet with a circingle clear to Las Vegas.

The best luck we can have is to keep the investigators investigating and the town people demanding the hangman's noose for the wrongdoers.

Whiskers always was a smart boy. Now I guess he's going to be a rich freighter.